

H
O
R
R
O
R

TERRIFYING! STARTLING! SUSPENSE!

MAY 1955

No. 11



10c

STRANGE

MYSTERIES

IF THE
COFFIN FITS...
—
DIAL 'C'
FOR CORPSE
—
DATE WITH
THE DEVIL
—
RECIPE FOR
HORROR

HEH-HEH-
IT'S ME,
DARLING!
CALLING
FROM THE
GRAVE!

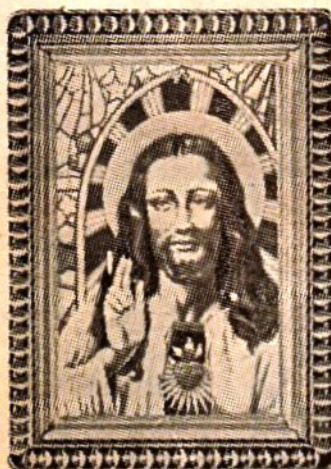
EEEEEEE—





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

IN ALL THY WAYS ACKNOWLEDGE HIM



THE SAVIOR

Hands move as if giving a Blessing. Eyes piously close and open. The Flaming Heart and Stained Window present an air of Holiness. Truly a spiritual exaltation.



MADONNA

The Blessed Virgin looks at you lifting her lovely face and hands in prayer. Her moving lips seem to speak to you. This is a miracle surpassing all wonder.

Holy Pictures

THAT COME TO LIFE IN YOUR HAND. PICTURES THAT LIVE — INSPIRE — STARTLE. YOU WILL HOLD YOUR BREATH IN AMAZEMENT WHEN YOU SEE THESE PHOTO-MOVE PICTURES WITH TRUE NATURAL ACTION. THEY MOVE AS YOU LOOK AT THEM, AS YOU APPROACH THEM.

The MIRACLE CROSS



of the
LORD

from
France
\$2.98

SEND NO MONEY
PEEK THROUGH
"CENTRE WINDOW" OF THE
CROSS. SEE a child praying. You
read clearly. The Immortal Lord's
Prayer

A MIRACLE INDEED The Lord's Prayer is printed on a tiny speck of paper one fifth the size of the head of a pin. The powerful glass magnifies it approximately 10,000 times.

It's the perfect gift that brings fashion elegance and Peace-of-mind inspiration. Unbelievably beautiful sapphire-and-diamond-studded effect Cross and Chain dazzling Rhodium finish non-tarnishable. Pay Postman \$2.98 on Delivery plus postage, or remit \$3.00 with order and we pay Delivery Charges.



POPE PIUS XII

His Holiness pronounces the Papal Blessing with moving lips, eyes and expressive hand. Even the sign on the cross changes as you look at it.

EACH PICTURE MOUNTED IN LUSTROUS CRYSTAL FRAME WITH EASEL STAND AND HANGER. ACTUAL SIZE 5 x 7 INCHES. \$1.50 EACH. ALL 3 POSTPAID FOR \$4. OR C.O.D. PLUS POSTAGE. SEND NOW

USE THIS HANDY ORDER BLANK!

JOLOLA SALES LIMITED
In Canada 2382 DUNDAS ST. W., Toronto, ONT.
In U.S.A. BOX 496, BUFFALO, N.Y.

- ☐ Please send me C.O.D. all 3 Holy Pictures for \$4.
☐ Send Pope Pius \$1.50. ☐ The Saviour at \$1.50.
☐ The Madonna \$1.50.
☐ The Miracle Cross \$2.98
I will pay postman on delivery plus C.O.D. charges. Money refunded if not completely satisfied.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

State or Prov.

- ☐ If you remit in full with this coupon, we will prepay all delivery charges.

MAIL COUPON

REMEMBER HOW THE SHRILL VOICE OF THE TELEPHONE CAN SOMETIMES STARTLE YOU, SET YOUR HEART TO LEAPING MADLY? THEN YOU'LL KNOW HOW ALICE WALTERS FELT THAT HORRIBLE NIGHT WHEN SHE RECEIVED THE GHOULISH CALL FROM THE GRAVE...

DIAL 'C' for Corpse

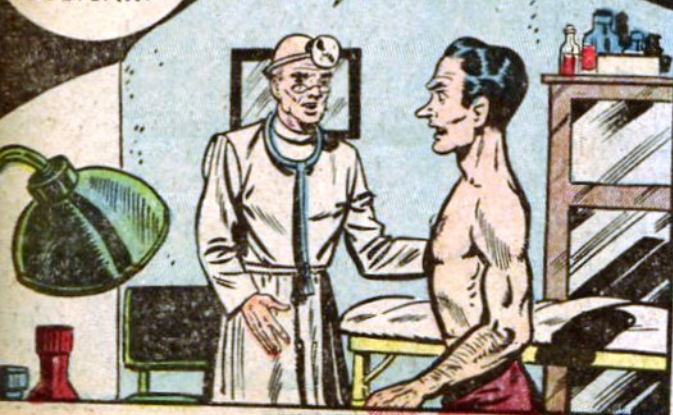


IT STARTED WHEN A WORRIED BILL WALTERS VISITED HIS DOCTOR...

AFRAID I'VE GOT BAD NEWS FOR YOU, BILL! VERY BAD!

YOU M-MEAN I'M GOING TO DIE?

NOT FOR A LONG TIME, I HOPE! BUT YOU'RE A CATALEPTIC, BILL! YOU MAY GO INTO A TRANCE WHICH RESEMBLES DEATH, EVEN TO A STOPPING OF YOUR BREATHING! I'LL EXPLAIN THE PRECAUTIONS YOU MUST TAKE...



DESPITE THE DOCTOR'S CHEERING WORDS, BILL BEGINS TO WORRY...

ALICE—THIS IS TERRIBLE! IT SAYS HERE THAT CATALEPTICS HAVE ACTUALLY BEEN BURIED ALIVE!

YOU MUSTN'T WORRY SO, BILL! YOU KNOW THE DOCTOR SAID IT WAS BAD FOR YOU!

POOR BILL! HE'S FRIGHTENED TO DEATH! I PITY HIM— BUT I DON'T LOVE HIM! I NEVER HAVE! HIS DEATH WOULD BE A WAY OUT FOR ME!



BUT BILL, HAUNTED BY THE THOUGHT OF BEING BURIED ALIVE, WORRIES SO THAT...

WHAT'S THE MATTER, WITH YOU, WALTERS? YOU'VE BEEN IN A DAZE FOR WEEKS! SNAP OUT OF IT, OR GET ANOTHER JOB!

I'M SORRY, SIR! IT W-WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN!



AND ON HIS WAY HOME THAT NIGHT, BILL GETS THE BIG IDEA...



WHY NOT? IT WILL WORK! THEY INSTALL TELEPHONES ANYWHERE!

YOU WISH A PHONE INSTALLED, SIR?

YES, VERY SPECIAL! BUT YOU MUST PROMISE TO CARRY OUT MY INSTRUCTIONS EXACTLY, TO THE LETTER!

WHEN BILL EXPLAINS...

WHAT! REALLY, SIR, I NEVER HEARD OF ANYTHING SO— OF COURSE WE CAN DO IT, BUT IT— IT'S POSITIVELY GHOULISH!





A MONTH
PASSES
AND
ALICE
WALTERS
BREATHES
EASIER!
SHE
ALSO
MEETS
TOM
SCOTT...

YOUR HUSBAND MUST
HAVE BEEN CRAZY,
ALICE! HAVING THAT
EXTRA PHONE
CONNECTED WITH
HIS COFFIN!

H-H HE WAS SO
FRIGHTENED OF
BEING BURIED
ALIVE!

DON'T WORRY, DARLING! I'LL
HAVE THE THING TAKEN OUT
IMMEDIATELY! EVEN
BEFORE WE LEAVE
ON OUR HONEYMOON!

I
SUPPOSE
IT WOULD
BE ALL
RIGHT
NOW!

AT THAT MOMENT, LIKE
THE KNEEL OF DEATH...

EEEEEEEEEE—
THE P-PHONE!

BUT IT
CAN'T BE!

RINGG

AND MILES AWAY IN A DREARY,
RAIN-SWEPT CEMETERY...

WHY DOESN'T SOMEONE
ANSWER? ALICE!
ANSWER ME—
PLEASE ANSWER
ME!

ALICE! ANSWER THE PHONE!
I KNOW YOU'RE THERE—YOU
MUST STILL BE MOURNING
FOR ME! HURRY—
ANSWER! ANSWER!

FINALLY THERE IS A
HOLLOW CLICK AND...

IT'S ME...BILL!
YOUR HUSBAND,
DARLING! I'M NOT
DEAD! COME AND DIG
ME UP! HURRY—
HURRY!

W-WHO—
(CHOKES)—IS
CALLING?

WILLIAM
WALTERS
1995-1953

A THRILL OF ICY TERROR CRAWLS OVER ALICE WALTERS AS SHE HEARS THE VOICE FROM THE GRAVE...

D-DIG YOU UP? B-BUT—

OF COURSE! AND HURRY! IT'S COLD DOWN HERE! COME AT ONCE!

IT WAS BILL! H-HE'S REALLY ALIVE! WANTS US TO COME DOWN AND DIG HIM UP! WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO, TOM?

WE CAN'T DIG HIM UP! THINK HOW HE MUST LOOK BY NOW! YOU CAN'T GO BACK TO—THAT THING!

I'VE GOT AN IDEA! WE'LL REALLY KILL HIM THIS TIME! IT'S THE ONLY WAY OUT FOR US! HURRY, GET YOUR COAT!

HALF AN HOUR PASSES, AND...

I C-COULDN'T STAND TO SEE HIM, TOM! I'LL GO CRAZY! MUST WE OPEN THE GRAVE?

MAYBE NOT! I REMEMBER SEEING SOME FENCE STAKES AROUND ON THE DAY OF THE FUNERAL!

SURE ENOUGH...

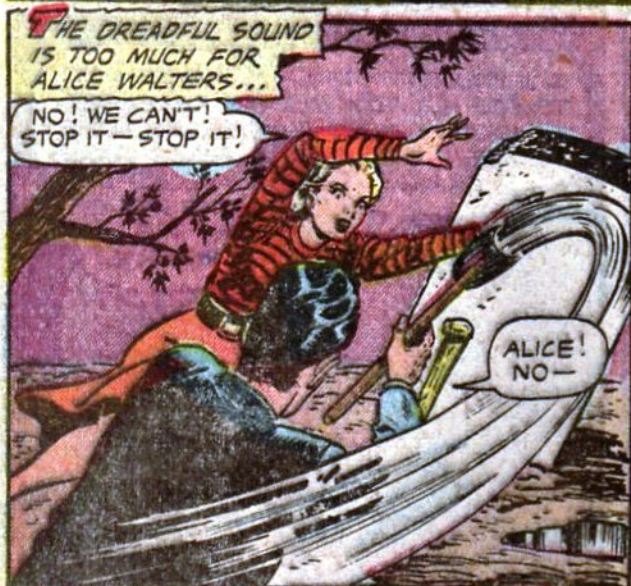
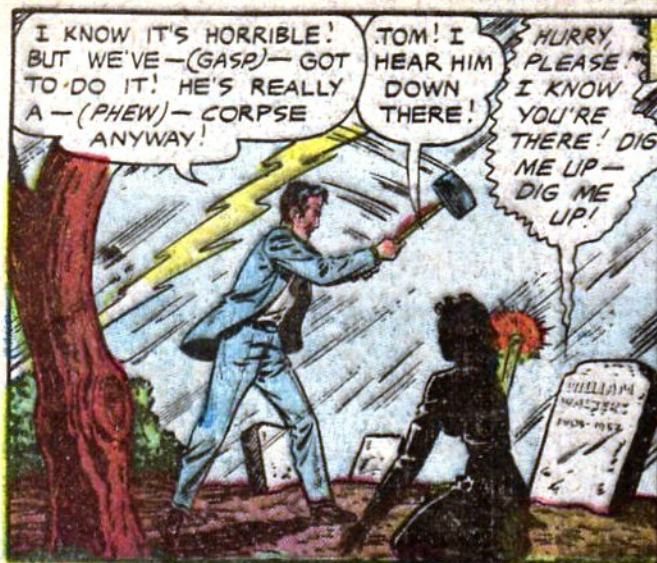
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH THOSE?

YOU'LL SEE! WE'RE LUCKY THE WORKMEN LEFT THIS STAKE AROUND! NOW WE WON'T HAVE TO OPEN THE GRAVE TO KILL HIM!

I'LL DRIVE THIS THROUGH HIM, COFFIN AND ALL! THAT PHONE WON'T RING ANY MORE!

OH, TOM! WE C-CAN'T! IT'S TOO HORRIBLE!





RECIPE for HORROR

IN SOME SECLUDED RENDEZVOUS WHERE DEATH MIXES COCKTAILS FOR TWO—THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED TO STEVE DONOVAN, PRIVATE EYE, WHEN HE UNDERTOOK TO SOLVE THE STRANGE PROBLEM OF DOCTOR SYLVANUS! STEVE HAD BEEN AROUND PLENTY, AND THOUGHT HE KNEW ALL THE ANGLES, BUT THAT WAS BEFORE HE STEPPED ACROSS THE THRESHOLD INTO A STRANGE WORLD OF TERROR, RULED BY THE CREATURES OF THE NIGHT! THEN STEVE MET THE LOVELY GIRL, AND IT WAS HATE AT FIRST SIGHT...

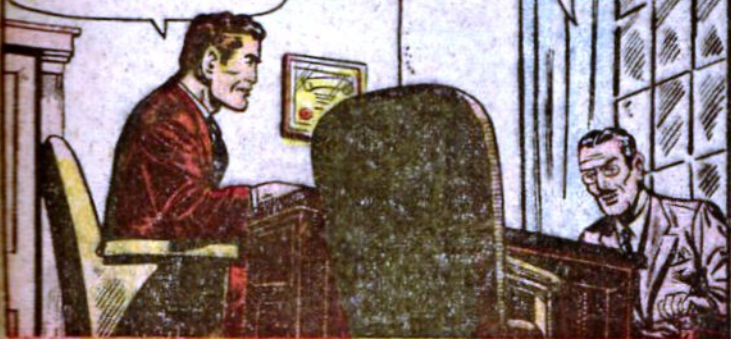


DOCTOR SYLVANUS VISITS THE OFFICE OF STEVE DONOVAN, PRIVATE DETECTIVE...

OKAY, DOCTOR, LET'S HEAR YOUR PROBLEM! SOLVING OTHER PEOPLE'S TROUBLES IS MY BUSINESS!

I HOPE YOU CAN HELP ME, MR. DONOVAN! MY PROBLEM IS MOST UNUSUAL!

I AM A BLOOD SPECIALIST, ENGAGED IN IMPORTANT RESEARCH! AND SOMEONE HAS BEEN **STEALING MY BLOOD!**





LATER...
HERE WE ARE, MR. DONOVAN! MY HOME—AND LABORATORY!

HMM—YOU SURE PICKED A SECLUDED SPOT, DOC!



IF YOU'LL JUST SHOW ME AROUND, DOC, THEN LEAVE ME ALONE! I THINK WE CAN FIND OUT WHO HAS BEEN STEALING YOUR BLOOD SAMPLES!

I HOPE SO!



WELCOME BACK, DOCTOR! WE—(HEE-HEE)—HAVE MISSED YOU!



DON'T W—GRULE, MR. DONOVAN! HE'S THE CARETAKER—NOT QUITE BRIGHT!

COME, GENTLEMEN! MISS CUMMINGS IS IN THE LAB!

I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN, DOC! BUT WHO IS MISS CUMMINGS?



MISS CUMMINGS IS MY LAB ASSISTANT! A VERY EFFICIENT YOUNG WOMAN!

SHE SPENDS ALL HER TIME IN HERE, SIR! WILL NOT EVEN—(CHUCKLE)—TALK TO POOR GRULE!



OH, DOCTOR SYLVANUS, YOU STARTLED ME! I—I WAS JUST FINISHING UP AN EXPERIMENT!

THIS IS MISTER DONOVAN, EDNA! HE IS GOING TO HELP US!

HMM—SOME DISH!



STRANGE MYSTERIES

**MOMENTS
LATER...**

WELL, GOOD NIGHT, EDNA! SORRY MY DANCING AFFECTED YOU THAT WAY! IT'S THE FIRST TIME A GAL EVER FAINTED ON ME!

PLEASE, STEVE! WAIT A MINUTE!

I - I'M SCARED TO DEATH ALL THE TIME, STEVE! THAT CARE-TAKER, GRULE, IS INSANE! PLEASE HELP ME!



OKAY BABY, YOU MIGHT AS WELL KNOW! I'M A PRIVATE DETECTIVE AND I'M HERE TO HELP YOU! SEE THIS GUN - THAT MEANS YOU CAN SLEEP TONIGHT!

OH, I'M SO RELIEVED! NOW I WILL SLEEP! GOOD NIGHT!



HOURS PASS - SOMEWHERE IN THE GLOOMY OLD HOUSE A CLOCK STRIKES MIDNIGHT...

WELL, NOW TO GET DOWN TO THE VIGIL! THIS IS A FUNNY CASE SURE ENOUGH! MIGHT BE AN OUTSIDE JOB - ONLY WHO WOULD WANT TO STEAL BLOOD?



A SOUND STARTLES STEVE...

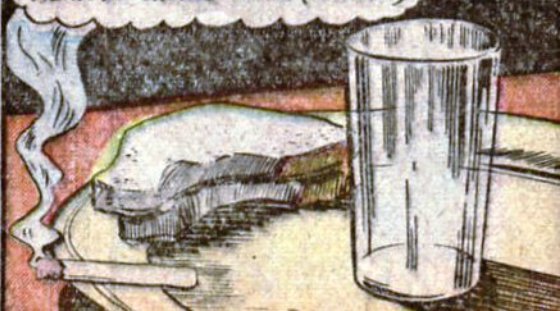
HUH! OH, SO IT'S YOU, GRULE!

YES - (TEE-HEE!) I THINK YOU LIKE SANDWICHES AND MILK, MR. DONOVAN! I FIX!



LATER...

NOT A BAD LITTLE SNACK GRULE FIXED FOR ME! HMM - EDNA SAYS HE'S NUTS, BUT I WONDER? A LITTLE OFF HIS ROCKER MAYBE, BUT HE LOOKS HARMLESS ENOUGH! HO-HUM - ALMOST THREE A.M. (YAWN...)



LOWLY THE CLOCK TICKS AWAY THE SECONDS. THE SHADOWS CLOT AND THICKEN AND, IN SPITE OF ALL HE CAN DO, STEVE'S HEAD SLUMPS FORWARD...



AND THEN THE STEALTHY SCUFF OF SHOE LEATHER BRINGS HIM AWAKE...



OH-OH, A LATE VISITOR! IT'S GRULE, AND HE'S HEADING FOR THOSE BLOOD BOTTLES! MUST HAVE FIGURED I WAS ASLEEP!



SEEMS TO BE MEASURING THE BLOOD!

HA-HA, JUST LIKE I THINK! MORE BLOOD GONE!



OKAY, GRULE, I'LL TAKE OVER NOW! YOU WON'T STEAL ANY MORE BLOOD!

HUH! YOU SPY ON GRULE!



I FIX YOU GOOD! GRULE NOT DO ANYTHING BAD!

HEY, WATCH IT, YOU MORON! YOU'LL GET THAT BLOOD ALL OVER ME!



GRULE! COME BACK, OR I'LL HAVE TO FIRE! STOP, YOU FOOL!

YOU NOT CATCH ME!

I HATE TO SHOOT A POOR DUMMY LIKE HIM!



COME BACK, GRULE, AND TALK! IF YOU'RE INNOCENT, YOU'VE GOT NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT! STOP, MAN!

I NO STOP! YOU HURT POOR GRULE!



LOOKS LIKE I'LL HAVE TO BLAST HIM AFTER ALL! HE'S HEADING FOR THE WOODS ACROSS THE ROAD—ONCE HE GETS INTO THOSE TREES, I'LL NEVER GET HIM!

DON'T HURT ME!



OKAY, GRULE, HERE IT COMES! THIS ONE IS JUST A WARNING! THE NEXT SHOT WILL BE FOR KEEPS!

PLEASE DON'T HURT POOR OLD GRULE! I DON'T STEAL BLOOD! I WATCH, MEASURE, TO SEE WHO DO STEAL!

HMM—SO THAT YOUR STORY!



SUDDENLY FROM THE HOUSE COME FRANTIC SCREAMS...

GREAT SCOTT—LISTEN TO THOSE YELLS! SOMEONE IN TERROR!

EEEEEEEEEE—HELP! AHHHHH—

HUH!



GRULE CAN WAIT! GOT TO FIND OUT WHERE THOSE HORRIBLE SCREAMS CAME FROM!

MINUTES LATER...

STEVE! OH, THANK GOODNESS YOU'RE HERE AT LAST! I—I CAME INTO THE LAB AND FOUND HIM LIKE THIS!

DOCTOR SYLVANUS!

DEAD AS A DOOR KNOB, POOR GUY! SOMEONE SMASHED HIS SKULL IN WITH THE WELL KNOWN BLUNT INSTRUMENT! THIS IS A JOB FOR THE COPS NOW!

BUT WHY? WHO WOULD WANT TO KILL THE DOCTOR?

LATER... NASTY BREAK FOR YOU, STEVE! HE HIRES YOU TO LOOK AFTER HIM AND HE GETS KNOCKED OFF! AND THERE IS MORE BLOOD MISSING, TOO! YOU DON'T LOOK SO HOT ON THIS ONE!

HELLO, STATE POLICE BARRACKS? THIS IS STEVE DONOVAN! YOU BETTER GET OVER HERE RIGHT AWAY! YEAH—DOCTOR SYLVANUS' HOUSE—ON THE OLD PIKE! MAKE IT SNAPPY, HUH?

I KNOW—I KNOW! JUST TAKE THAT GRULE IN AND HOLD HIM! LET ME WORRY!

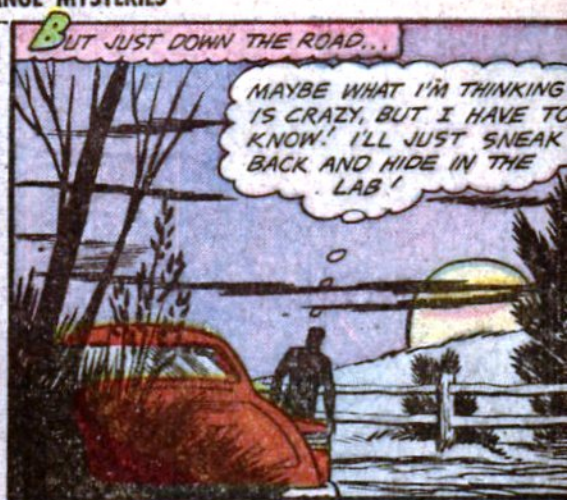
AFTER THE CARETAKER HAS BEEN TAKEN AWAY FOR QUESTIONING...

WELL, DAN, YOU GONNA HANG AROUND ALL DAY? YOU GOT THE BODY!

YEAH—BUT I'VE BEEN LOOKING AT ANOTHER BODY! NICE—EXCEPT FOR ONE THING...

THAT'S A SICK GIRL IF I EVER SAW ONE! LOOKS LIKE ANEMIA TO ME! IF YOU CARE ANYTHING ABOUT HER, STEVE, YOU BETTER GIVE HER SOME OF YOUR BLOOD! WELL, S'LONG!

MY BLOOD? ANEMIA!





OKAY EDNA, YOUR LITTLE VAMPIRE GAME IS UP! YOU KILLED THE DOCTOR BECAUSE HE CAUGHT YOU STEALING BLOOD!

YOU! YOU KNOW ABOUT ME!



NO MATTER! I'M STRONG AGAIN NOW AND I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU! HAH—I'LL HAVE YOUR BLOOD!



MAYBE! BUT I SEEM TO REMEMBER THAT THE WAY TO KILL A VAMPIRE IS TO DRIVE A WOODEN STAKE THROUGH THE HEART! THIS PENCIL...



... THIS PENCIL WILL HAVE TO BE MY STAKE—I HOPE!

NO—D—DON'T! I—AEEEEEE—

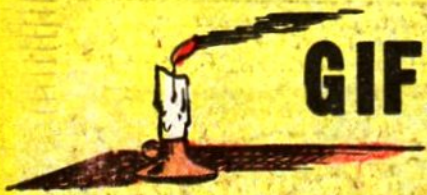


DEAD! THE PENCIL THROUGH HER HEART DID THE TRICK! AND SHE'S BEAUTIFUL AGAIN! WELL—NOW I KNOW! THERE ARE VAMPIRES!



OKAY, YOU COPS, YOU CAN COME BACK AGAIN! YEAH—IT'S ALL OVER! THE GIRL WAS STEALING THE BLOOD ALL THE TIME! GRULE, THE CARETAKER, SUSPECTED, SO SHE TRIED TO FRAME HIM! SHE KILLED THE DOC WHEN HE CAUGHT HER AT IT! SHE WAS A VAMPIRE AND WHAT? NO—I AM NOT CRAZY!

The End



GIFT OF DOOM



By John Martin

THAT HE should have remained in jail, Nick Motley first realized later on, when it was much too late. There, behind bars, he was nice and safe, and had nothing from out of this world to contend with. His fellow inmates were earthly beings, such as he, himself, and in his five years' incarceration, he had found none to fear. Thus he had no way of knowing what weird happenings lay ahead . . .

Nick shivered in his threadbare overcoat as the train drew out of the small suburban station. Only a short time to go before he'd hit the big city and the bright lights and Mary. He knew he'd be returning from his stretch at the big house practically empty-handed. A girl like Mary liked men with money. He needed Mary as a starving man needed food. The thought of her had been the only thing that had kept him going through five weary years.

Nick sighed. Only another burglary, one more successful than the last, could get him Mary. He'd have to risk his liberty again. Wearily he picked up the evening paper . . .

Abruptly he sat up with a jerk, the word "Necklace" snapping his eyes wide open. He read: "Professor Amos Crowder, of Benton, to Present Rare Historical Necklace to City Museum on Friday."

Benton! That was the next suburban station. Nick flung the paper to the floor. He rose as the train began slowing down. When it stopped he slipped off and into the station. At a phone booth he looked up the name of Professor Amos Crowder. There would be no harm in finding out if the professor were home.

"Hello?" The voice on the other end of the wire was thin and reedy. Nick grinned. He was small, himself, but wiry. He knew what kind of body went with that kind of voice. The kind even a small and wiry man could beat to a pulp.

"Professor Crowder," Nick began. "I'd like to see you about that necklace." He listened carefully before the other answered. Besides the Professor's breathing, there was no other sound. That meant he was probably alone.

"Are you a collector?" the Professor asked eagerly.

Nick grinned to himself.

"Yes, Professor," he said. "I'm an expert on jewels. I'll be right over." He hung up quickly, checked the address again and hired a cab, giving an address at least two blocks away. When the cab had dropped him, he walked toward Crowder's number, congratulating himself on his plan. Crowder wouldn't know him. And barging in boldly would eliminate the necessity of any breaking and entering. Once inside . . .

NICK WALKED up the lane at Crowder's address, stopped at the door and knocked. The Professor opened the front door.

"You're the gentleman who called?" he began, smiling.

Nick nodded and took one step inside. With his left foot he slammed the door behind him. Simultaneously, he brought up his right hand, swung it toward Crowder's neck. It's stiffened edge connected with a sharp crack. Crowder dropped with a little sigh. He hit the floor and rolled over. Motley bent over him, grunted. He wasn't dead but he'd be out for hours, he knew.

Swiftly he went from room to room. In the study he found the wall safe behind a picture. Nick grinned. Mild old nuts like Crowder thought that tin-cans like the wall safe could protect jewelry and papers. Nick had it open in two minutes. Inside was a small roll of bills which he pocketed, figuring to use it later to get himself a room and some new clothes. Then, buried under some papers, he found the velvet-lined case.

It came open with no effort at all.

Nick let out a soft whistle of satisfaction. It was old, no doubt about that, made of heavy, hammered silver inset with old glowing gems. The jewels were rudely cut but big in size. He whistled again, more sharply. They were rubies, all right. Really they would be worth thousands. Nick chuckled.

He reached up to close the safe, caught his finger on a jagged bit of metal, cursed. Three bright drops of blood fell on the necklace before he could staunch the flow. He shuddered superstitiously before he saw the

the cut was only superficial. Carefully, with a handkerchief, he wiped the blood from the necklace, then his fingerprints from the safe. His trail was safe, now. And the cut had already stopped bleeding.

In the kitchen, in a drawer, he found some wrapping paper and heavy cord. He made a compact parcel of the necklace, wrapped it well, chuckling the while. He need take no chances on being discovered with the necklace on him by anyone. Uncle Sam's postal service that did so well in snow and rain and heat and gloom of night could carry it better to Mary than he could. He wrote her address on the parcel, inscribed as his return address a hotel he planned staying at, affixed the necessary postage.

He had about ten minutes to dispose of the parcel. He hunted up a postbox, dropped the parcel inside. Then, sighing with satisfaction, he returned to the station, boarded the train when it came.

An hour later he was in a taxi heading for the hotel he planned to stay at. Renting a room, he went out and bought a decent suit of clothes. In the morning, he decided, he'd call on Mary, dazzle her with his plan for the necklace. With the money they'd realize from the rubies, he would own her forever . . .

GOING OUT, after breakfast, he paused at the desk to turn in his key. The clerk grunted, pointing to a newspaper in which Nick's robbery of the necklace was headlined.

"Here's one where crime takes it in the neck," the clerk remarked. "For once, anyway."

"The gem robbery, you mean?" Nick asked genially. He was proud he'd hit the headlines so soon. Then his voice fell. "Crime — gets it — in — the neck?" he finished slowly.

"Sure," the clerk chuckled. "That Crowder necklace is almost worthless except for its historical value, according to the paper. The silver in it is worth only a couple of bucks and the thieves must have mistaken the spinels set in it for rubies."

"Spinel?" Nick Motley's voice was hollow and weak.

The clerk indicated a patch of print.

"Sure, it says here spinels look so much like rubies that even experts can't tell 'em

apart except with x-rays," he said, still chuckling.

With knees like joints of water, Nick moved away. For a worthless bauble he'd risked everything — and he still had Mary to face, Mary who would scorn him for the valueless jewel. Outside he hailed a taxi, gave the address of Mary's apartment. He might still be in time to keep her from opening the package. When the taxi dropped him, he dashed to a newsstand and bought a paper carrying the story. He tucked it under his arm and hurried on his way.

The elevator left him off at the sixth floor. He rang the bell but Mary didn't answer. Then he noticed the door wasn't locked. Hurriedly he pushed it in, stopped on the threshold, his blood freezing at what he saw.

On the floor, in a welter of torn paper from the parcel he'd mailed, Mary lay around her neck the stolen necklace that had cut through the slim throat, severing her head from her body.

Behind him the door crashed shut. Nerves shrieking soundlessly, his brain a red haze of fright and terror, Motley's eyes fastened on the necklace that seemed to crouch like some huge bloody spider on the woman's breast. Trembling, he raised the newspaper he carried, saw the story of his robbery, the irony of the spinels, read the final words that said: ". . . Professor Crowder said the necklace had once belonged to the infamous Borgias, had been used by them for their murderous purposes. Legend ascribes to it the power of strangling its victim after having been touched with blood that instills in it the desire for more."

Blood hunger!

In his mind's eye, Nick saw again the three drops of his own blood fall on the jewel, thus dooming the next person to wear it. He saw Mary putting it around her neck, saw it contract suddenly like an animated metal claw. The sudden rustle he heard brought his eyes to bear on the evil jewel. *The necklace was moving.* Paralyzed by sheer horror he watched the bloodied jewel crawl slowly toward him on the floor, felt it coil round his legs, climb spider-like to his throat, fasten round it, begin to tighten.

He tried to move, failed. Dying, he crumpled to the floor.

The necklace was soaked in Mary's blood, he knew — and now it was hungering for more!

IF THE COFFIN FITS...

HENRY MAXWELL WAS A TYCOON! HIS WELLS WERE FULL OF OIL, HIS BANKS FULL OF MONEY, AND HENRY HIMSELF WAS FULL OF—**FEAR!** BECAUSE HENRY HATED ALL SALESMEN, ON PRINCIPLE, BUT MOST OF ALL HE HATED THE COFFIN SALESMAN...



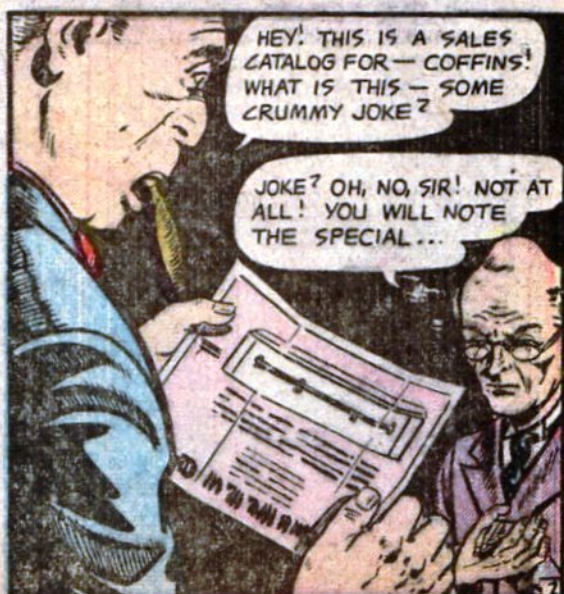
ONE MURKY NIGHT...

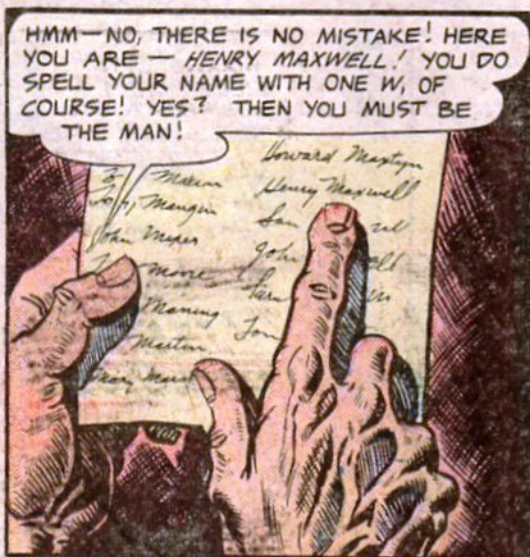
YES, MR. MAXWELL IS WORKING LATE TONIGHT, BUT HE'S VERY BUSY! DO YOU HAVE AN APPOINTMENT?

AN APPOINTMENT? YES, I BELIEVE I HAVE! WILL YOU TELL HIM I AM HERE, PLEASE!

I HAVE SOMETHING THAT I KNOW WILL INTEREST MR. MAXWELL! HE MAY NOT REMEMBER OUR APPOINTMENT—BUT I'M SURE THAT WE HAVE ONE!







AFTERWARDS, MAXWELL KEEPS A LATE APPOINTMENT...

TAKE ME TO THE CLUB DOMINO, DRIVER, AND HURRY! I HAVE A VERY IMPORTANT ENGAGEMENT AND I'M LATE NOW!

YES, SIR!

TAXI

BUT SOON THE FAT TYCOON SENSES THAT THE DRIVER IS TAKING HIM FAR ASTRAY...

DRIVER, YOU FOOL! WHAT ARE YOU DOING? THIS ISN'T THE WAY TO THE CLUB DOMINO!

OF COURSE NOT, SIR! YOU FORGET THAT YOU HAVE A MORE IMPORTANT DATE!

REALLY, MR. MAXWELL, THERE IS NO USE IN TRYING TO AVOID ME! AS YOU CAN SEE, I INTEND TO FOLLOW YOU UNTIL YOU COME TO YOUR SENSES! AND I MIGHT ADD THAT YOU ARE CAUSING A GREAT DEAL OF UNNECESSARY TROUBLE!

YOU! YOU, AGAIN!

COME BACK, MR. MAXWELL! PLEASE BE SENSIBLE! WE MUST GET OUR BUSINESS SETTLED!

YOU'RE A CRACKPOT, MAN! I DON'T WANT ANYTHING TO DO WITH YOU! STAY AWAY FROM ME!

DEAR ME! NOW I'VE GOT IT ALL TO DO OVER AGAIN, I'M AFRAID! WHERE DID HE SAY HE WANTED TO GO? CLUB DOMINO, I THINK! SO I'D BETTER GET OVER THERE AND TRY TO TALK SOME SENSE INTO MR. MAXWELL! HIS TIME IS VERY SHORT!

SOON... HERE WE ARE! NOW IF I CAN JUST GET MY MAN INTO A CORNER AND CONVINCE HIM THAT HE MUST DO BUSINESS WITH ME!

CLUB DOMINO

CLUB DOMINO

WHILE INSIDE THE CLUB...

OH, MR. MAXWELL, DID YOU REALLY MEAN IT WHEN YOU PROMISED TO GET ME A JOB IN ONE OF THE NEW MUSICALS?

OF COURSE, MY DEAR! I SPOKE TO A PRODUCER ABOUT YOU TODAY!

OH, NO! NOT YOU AGAIN! YOU'RE HAUNTING ME! BUT THIS TIME I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU FOR GOOD!

YOUR DINNER, SIR! AND IF I MAY HAVE A WORD WITH YOU!

PLEASE, MR. MAXWELL! YOU MUST LISTEN TO ME!

I WILL NOT LISTEN! I'LL HAVE YOU THROWN OUT, WAITER! **BOUNCER!** THROW THIS BUM OUT!

NO ONCE AGAIN...

SORRY, BUDDY, BUT ORDERS IS ORDERS!

YOU'RE A NUT, THAT'S WHAT YOU ARE! THROW HIM AS FAR AS YOU CAN, BOUNCER!

YOU CAN'T DO THIS — YOU DON'T KNOW WHO I AM!

AND STAY OUT, SEE! YOU COME BOTHERING MY CUSTOMERS AGAIN AND I'LL RAISE KNOTS ON YOUR SKULL BIGGER THAN A BASKET BALL!

UHH! I'VE NEVER BEEN TREATED LIKE THIS BEFORE IN MY LIFE!

OH, ME! THIS IS A PROBLEM, INDEED IT IS! SOME OF THEM ARE DIFFICULT, BUT I'VE NEVER SEEN ONE LIKE THIS MR. MAXWELL! AND I DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME TO FOOL WITH HIM. EITHER! THIS CALLS FOR DRASTIC MEASURES!

LATER, AS
MAXWELL
FINALLY GETS
TO BED...

WHAT A DAY! I
MADE HALF A
MILLION, BUT SOME-
TIMES I WONDER—
HEY, SOMEONE AT THE
DOOR!

AND...

YOU AGAIN!
ARE YOU CRAZY,
MAN? NOW
GET OUT AND
LEAVE ME
ALONE!

SORRY,
SIR! I
MUST
SEE
YOU!

NO—NO! GO AWAY,
OR I'LL HAVE YOU
LOCKED UP! YOU'RE
AS CRAZY AS A
LOON!

PLEASE! YOU
MUST SEE OUR
NEW LINE!
LET ME
IN!

OKAY, YOU ASKED FOR
IT, BROTHER! I'M GONNA
CALL THE COPS AND
HAVE YOU PUT AWAY
RIGHT NOW! ENOUGH
IS ENOUGH!

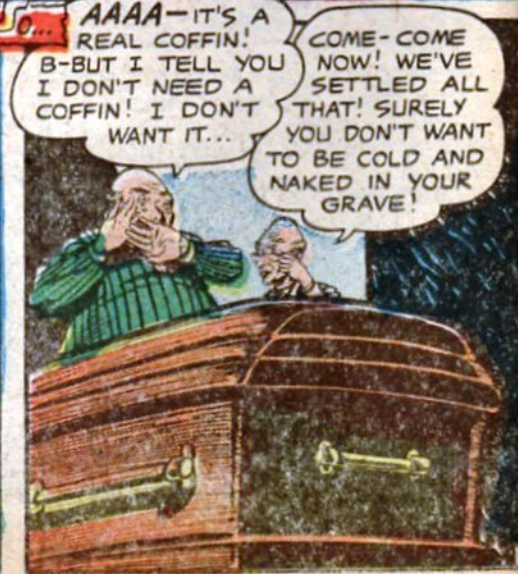
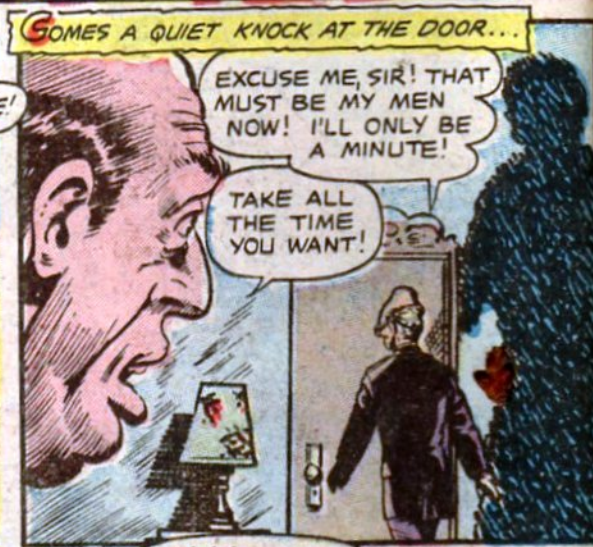
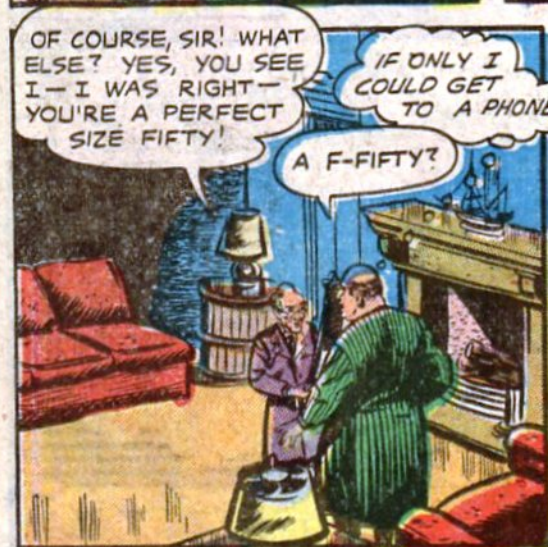
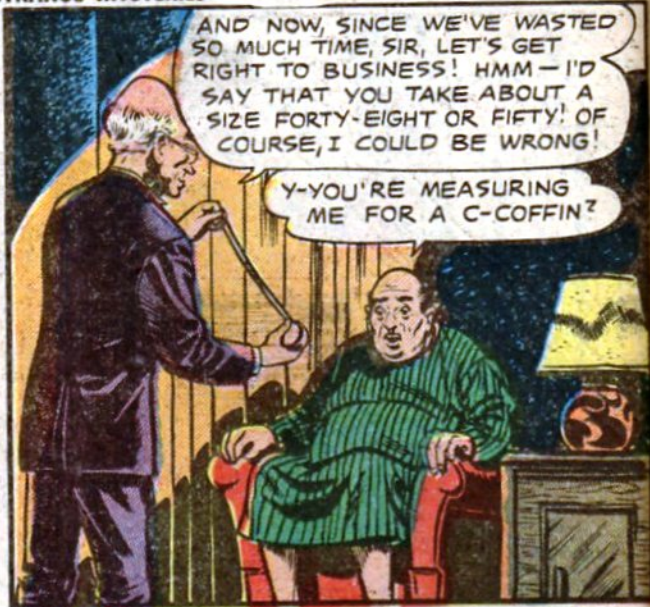
THIS IS SUCH A
WASTE OF TIME,
SIR! IF YOU
WOULD ONLY LET
ME EXPLAIN!

TCH-TCH! DEAR ME!
SOME OF THEM DO MAKE
A TERRIBLE FUSS—
BUT I SUPPOSE YOU
REALLY CAN'T
BLAME THEM!

POLICE!
OPERATOR!
NOW WHAT'S
WRONG WITH
THIS PHONE?

THE PHONE IS D-DEAD! I—I'M
ALONE IN THE HOUSE WITH A
RAVING MANIAC! MAYBE I'D
BETTER HUMOR HIM UNTIL
I CAN FIND A CHANCE TO
CALL FOR
HELP!

NOW, SIR, CAN
WE GET DOWN
TO BUSINESS?
I'M REALLY A
LITTLE
PRESSED
FOR TIME!



OF COURSE YOU DON'T! NOW IF YOU'LL JUST TRY THIS ON FOR SIZE, PLEASE! I'M SURE YOU'LL FIND IT MOST COMFORTABLE—THE BEST SATIN AVAILABLE—THE FINEST BRONZE! NOW JUST GET IN IT!



NO—STOP PUSHING ME! I WON'T...

THERE YOU ARE, ALL COMFY! NOW WE'LL JUST PUT THIS IN PLACE AND I CAN BE ON MY WAY! I'M VERY LATE!



HUH! NO! D-DON'T PUT ON THAT LID! I—OH—I CAN'T MOVE!

OF COURSE NOT, MY DEAR MR. MAXWELL! YOU'RE QUITE DEAD—AND I DON'T MIND ADMITTING THAT WE HAD QUITE A TIME MAKING THE **DEADLINE!** I WARNED THEM, BUT THEY WOULDN'T LISTEN TO ME!



BAH—THIS NEW FANGLED IDEA OF FURNISHING COFFINS IS NOTHING BUT CREEPING SOCIALISM! IMAGINE HAVING TO MEASURE MY CLIENTS PERSONALLY! NOW BACK IN THE OLD DAYS...



MY, I'M TIRED, AND THE NIGHT HAS HARDLY BEGUN! Hmm—LET ME SEE, THERE'S A JOHN SMITH TO GO TONIGHT—SO MANY OF THEM—AND HERE'S ANOTHER MAXWELL—NO RELATION, I HOPE!



MUSTN'T FORGET TO CHECK OFF MR. HENRY MAXWELL! AND GOOD RIDDANCE, TOO! NEVER SAW SUCH SALES RESISTANCE, IN ALL MY LIFE! THERE WAS A MAN WHO HONESTLY DIDN'T WANT TO GO!



The End

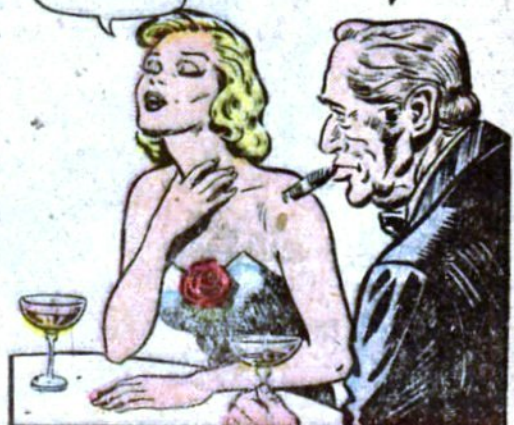
EVER WIN, BUT FEW OF US SUFFER AS DANNY RANSOM DID BEFORE HE KEPT HIS
APPOINTMENT WITH EVIL...

ONLY A ROSE I'LL
BRING YOU, ONLY
A ROSE COVERED
WITH DEW... ♪

WHAT A
VOICE!

ISN'T HE
GRAND?

THAT MASKED
TENOR GAG IS
CORNY! WONDER
WHY THEY DO IT?



BUT IN DANNY'S CASE THERE IS GOOD REASON FOR THE MASK...

ANOTHER PERFORMANCE OVER!
I WAS IN GOOD VOICE AGAIN
TONIGHT! THEY LOVED ME!



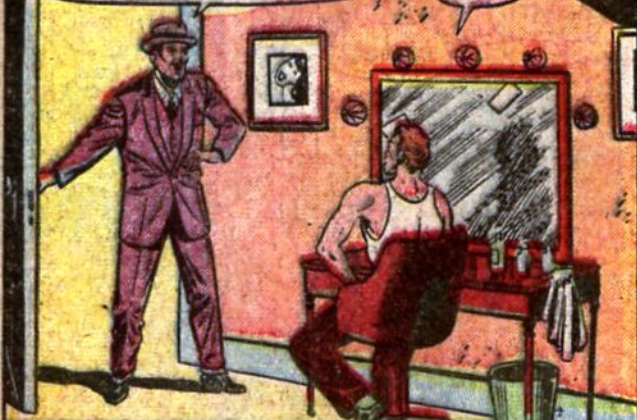
UGH — I AM A HORROR! EVER
SINCE THAT SHELL BURST TORE
AWAY MY FACE IN THE WAR!
WONDER WHAT MY ADORING
AUDIENCE WOULD THINK OF
THIS?



JIM PATTERSON, MC AND DANNY'S
MANAGER, SUPPLIES THE ANSWER...

SAY, DANNY, I — UGH! PUT THAT
MASK ON AGAIN! HOW MANY
TIMES HAVE I TOLD YOU?

BUT,
JIM, I...



I CAN'T
WEAR THE
MASK ALL
THE TIME,
JIM!

WHEN I'M AROUND
YOU CAN! UGH — YOUR
FACE GIVES ME THE
CREEPS! SUPPOSE
SOMEONE ELSE
SAW YOU? NOW
PUT IT ON AND
KEEP IT ON!



THAT'S BETTER! I JUST WANTED
TO TELL YOU THAT I'VE GOT A
NEW SINGER, A GIRL! SHE STARTS
TOMORROW! BE SURE YOU KEEP
AWAY FROM HER, UNDERSTAND?

S-SURE!
WHAT WOULD
I BE DOING
AROUND A
GIRL, JIM?



BUT WHEN
JIM IS GONE...

A GIRL! HAH-HAH — AS
THOUGH ANY GIRL
COULD LOOK AT ME! AND
JIM HATES ME — AS I HATE
HIM! THE WAY HE TALKS
TO ME — SOMEDAY I'LL
GET EVEN!



THE NEXT AFTERNOON...

AND LATER... IN THE DRESSING ROOM...



THAT NIGHT...



TWO WEEKS PASS AND BY NOW DANNY IS HOPELESSLY IN LOVE.

I CAN'T STAND IT ANY LONGER! I'VE GOT TO TELL SYLVIA HOW I FEEL ABOUT HER IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO! AND MAYBE IT WILL BE—THE LAST THING!



I'LL SEND THE NOTE TO SYLVIA TOMORROW, THEN I'LL KILL MYSELF! I'LL LEAVE ORDERS—(GROAN)—TO BE BURIED IN A SEALED COFFIN! SHE'LL NEVER SEE MY FACE!



BUT SOMETIMES MESSAGES GO ASTRAY.

GOODBYE, SYLVIA! SEE YOU TONIGHT!

GOODBYE, JIM!



MESSAGE FOR MISS TOWNSEND!

I'LL TAKE IT, BOY! I'M MISS TOWNSEND'S MANAGER!



SO DANNY LOVES HER, DOES HE? HOW SWEET! AND HIM WITH A FACE LIKE A GARGOYLE! THE FOOL! WHAT HE NEEDS IS A LESSON—AND TONIGHT HE GETS IT!

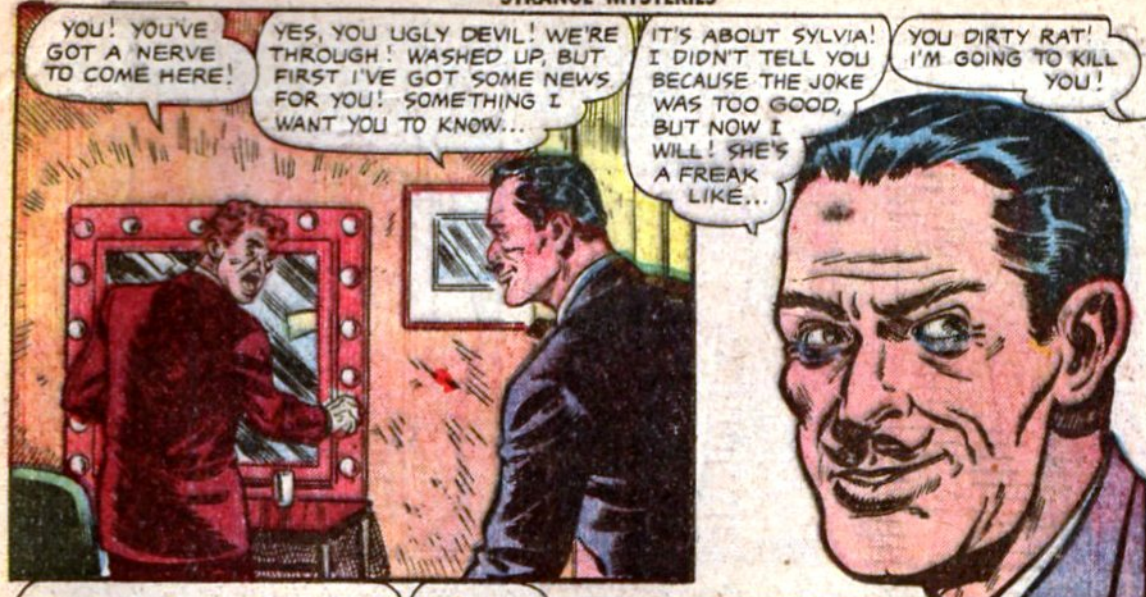
SO THAT NIGHT...

LOVE ME TONIGHT AND MAKE THIS NIGHT DIVINE...

MY LAST NIGHT! THIS TIME TOMORROW I'LL BE DEAD!











IMAGINE! 41 Circus Toys and a "BIG TOP" **3 Feet around... ALL For Only \$1.29**

Yes, a gigantic collection of Circus Toys designed to provide hours of good, wholesome fun for the entire family. Hurry. Send for your Big 3 Ring Circus Today and will include **FREE** a 48-page book of games and stunts.

There's animals and circus performers of strong, durable **PLASTIC**, a Big Top 3 feet around, Super Side Show, Animal Cages, even a spinning Merry-Go-Round that **REALLY** turns!

There's also tumbling clowns, skating bears, bike-riding monkeys, dancing elephants, balancing seals, etc. Yes, a complete set of 41 toys, including clowns, acrobats and circus performers of strong durable plastic, for only \$1.29 complete!

JOLOLA SALES, LIMITED, Box 496, Buffalo, N.Y.
IN CANADA, 2382 DUNDAS ST. W., TORONTO, ONT.

SEND NO MONEY!
JUST MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

**FREE
IF
YOU
ACT
NOW**

2 complete sets of "Big Top" and Circus Toys for \$2.50 plus 2 **FREE** copies of 1000 Games and Stunts for every social occasion.

69 Parties, 389 Games and Contests, 66 Picnic suggestions, 160 Everyday Amusements, 286 Stunts.
Rush your order today.



Jolola Sales Ltd., Box 496, Buffalo, N.Y.
In Canada, 2382 Dundas St. W., Toronto, Ont.

☐ Send me C.O.D. one set of Circus Toys and "Big Top," and free Book of Games, all for \$1.29.

☐ Send 2 complete sets and 2 Books of Games for \$2.50. I'll pay Postman on delivery plus postage.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State..... Prov.....

☐ If you remit in full with this coupon, we will pay all Delivery Charges. I enclose \$.....

Just what I wanted!

A NEW 6 Piece Screwdriver Set
with 5 Interchangeable Bits

Sure-grip hardwood handle
with Vice-like Screw Chuck
of hardened steel . . . All
in a tough handy Vinyl
Plastic dome fitted Envelope.

The Bits are designed
to fit straight cut,
cross cut or square
head screws. They are
oil tempered and rust
proof.



Quality and Value instantly recognized

JOLOLA SALES LTD., Box 496, BUFFALO, N.Y.
In CANADA 2382 Dundas St. W., Toronto, Ont.

Mail This Coupon

If you like

fine tools

JOLOLA SALES LTD., Box 496, BUFFALO, N.Y.
In CANADA, 2382 Dundas St. W., Toronto, Ont.

Send me C.O.D. the 6 Piece Screwdriver Set. I'll pay
Postman \$1.48 on delivery plus postage.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Prov. _____

☐ If you enclose \$1.50 we will pay all Delivery Charges.

\$1.48
THE SET

Agents
Wanted